

Grace Mortimer's Great Romance, "The Red Cross," Continued in this Number!

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No. 356.

PRAYER FOR TO-DAY.

BY JOHN GOSSIP.

My God: To-day unclothe our eyes
To all the precious things
Thou sendest us from out the skies,
Whereof no poet sings.

Hold this To-day so near our sight—
And yet so far away—
That we may know to-morrow's light
Gleams ever on To-day!

For this we feel is what we need
More than all else to learn;
That blessings brought too close to read
Short-sight cannot discern.

All blame be ours; yet help us, Lord,
To so transform our sight
That, read afar or far, Thy Word
May be construed aright.

Except we see To-day on earth
As it is given us,
How shall we come to know the worth
Of one To-day in Heaven?

The Red Cross;

OR,

The Mystery of Warren-Guilderland.

A ROMANCE OF THE ACCURSED COINS.

BY GRACE MORTIMER.

CHAPTER IV.

THE TWO EMIRS

ONE year ago to day Baron Warren-Guilderland rode from his castle gates. We come upon him in a strangely different scene. The gleam of dawn is spreading a soft, golden glow over the desert plain; from east to west, from north to south, there is no bound in the dead calm of the yellow wilderness; the sky burns red like a wasting fire, and azure clouds drift across it, lifting high the tempting mirage of shining water-courses and full-foliated trees. It is an Arabian desert, boundless, scorched, desolate, and sweltering.

Two horsemen urge their weary horses along the trackless plain. They have been traveling all night and have not yet reached the oasis where alone it is safe to halt during the mid-day heat.

Baron Warren-Guilderland, the Baron of the snow-white burros and tamar, with the glittering canes, thrust into their scarlet girdles; their skin is of the rich olive-bronze hue of the sons of the desert, and the steeds they bestride are desert-born and bred, intelligent as human, and swift as the lightning.

But these men, as they ride close together through the great wilderness, speak in the English tongue—and the theme is—*Warren-Guilderland!* Once more we behold Herman Berthold, Baron Warren-Guilderland, and his servant Norris. And here he lured the great man here?

A lady's face!

Incredible! Not at all! He carries a very fine photograph of it in his safest pocket, over his heart, and could you see that precious card you would believe anything possible for its sweet sake.

It is Baron Berthold gone on to seek the recovery of Warren-Guilderland's next-of-kin! In his hand he held two clues, the names which conclude the map of pedigree drawn for the reader in the end of the last chapter.

These names were *Millicent*, who married *Giles Thetford*, and her cousin *Jacob*, son of *Margaret and Thetford* and *Kercheval*—the two clues.

He wasted six months, and was as wise as when he commenced. One day he was in London, in a fashionable photographer's saloon, a countenance in which this keen physiognomist traced the indentation of Warren-Guilderland's profile. Besides this, the face was very beautiful. He purchased it, not without difficulty—for this was a breach of the etiquette of the art—and gleaned the name of its possessor.

It was neither Thetford nor Kercheval, it was

Miss Valrose, the only child of Colonel Victor Valrose, U. S. A., a noted capitalist, who had forsaken his native land some years previously to reside in St. Petersburg.

Baron Berthold dropped the clues and followed the Baron. It included him at St. Petersburg; the cap which accompanied his wife and daughter had departed months ago on a colossal pleasure trip round the world.

Baron Berthold followed the face from land to land, and by a series of tantalizing mischances it was always tilted on before him, just out of reach, yet ever luring him onward with a promise of the last chapter.

As he and his old attendant urge their drooping horses over the arid waste, they talk confidently of coming up with the English tourists by high noon—their expect to overtake them as they rest at a certain oasis mid-way across the desert, the Wady Zeid.

Norris thinks his new master even more eccentric than his old one, but his inexhaustible resources, his endurance, gallantry in moments of danger, his unfeigned trust and infinite tenacity of purpose all have imbued the old man with a superstitious reverence for him, as being omniscient.

What character can he not assume, so as to deceive the very natives themselves? What language can he not speak? Are there any mysteries upon earth, locked from the knowledge of Baron Berthold?

He is wont to assume the nationality of every country through which the witch-face of Miss Valrose leads him. This plan, when it has been successfully followed, saves time. As for Norris, his only refuge lies in silence and an anxious imitation of his master's every look and gesture while surrounded by the inquisitive aborigines; he passes as the Great Unknown's deaf-mute.

Suddenly the baron, being a little in advance of his follower, and glancing back to address him, noted a dark cloud moving in the horizon from which the themselves had come, and skimming rapidly along the ground.

He drew up abruptly, raising his field-glass to his eye.

"It is a party of those vultures, the 'Robbers of the Plain,'" exclaimed he; "they are armed to the teeth; their sheik is at their head; they are evidently on the track of the caravan. And, by my faith, if numbers mean victory, I tremble for the travelers!"

"Will they come this way?" quavered Norris, who was also in terror.

"We stand straight in their path," replied the baron, returning his glass to its place; "in half an hour they will be here."

"And what—what had we better do?" cried Norris, with exquisite apprehension.

"Feed and rest our horses, so that we can accompany them," said the baron, dropping to the



"Oh, my Great Father on high, accept the sacrifice, and give me at last my heart's desire—a father's love!"

As for the baron, he sat his splendid mount like a man of iron, his hand as light as a woman's on the controls, his countenance as pale as the faceless sand with the *sema-troid* of a man perfectly at his ease.

But the emir's dark, lean visage wore a cloud which all the affability of his discourse failed to dispel; his men, too, wore gloomy and disinterested looks.

Masudi affected to notice nothing, however, and tranquilly continued his lofty talk of the glories won in war by his own ever-victorious tribe.

The hours passed; the sun poured down its pithy rays, which the sand reflected like red-hot iron; in a zero degree, the sand crackled and the horses were covered with foam fiercely blown from their blood-red nostrils, their limbs were clogged with sweat and the light drift of the splashed-up sand; their riders panted, with baked, dry lips apart to catch the breath, while the shaggy horses almost congealed in a glistening sweat, eyes half-closed against the dazzling glare of the sun and the needle-sharp drift of the dust; but the fury of the gallop never slackened, and Timour-Emad whispered not a hint of the object of his ride.

Meantime the character of the country changed; it became hilly and undulating, and then some faint gleams of vegetation lit up the bleak and arid expanse.

"We approach the Wady Zeid," said Timour-Emad; "yonder curls the smoke of the Franks who are they? at last round a water-spring."

And he waved his dark hand toward a pale circle that hovered upon the ground some miles distant.

Presently they swept up to the base of a line of purple rocks which had been gradually magnifying the bold first pugnacious proposal to a last, and then some pale rocks which had been gradually magnifying the bold first pugnacious proposal to a last.

The sheik, the baron and Norris remained on their steeds in the center of the busy throng.

The mute kept his eye immovably fastened on his master, with the most agonizing expression of anxiety.

"My brother Masudi," said the emir, breaking silence at last, "yonder came a caravan of camels and camels, with a prince's escort."

Many merchants had been gathered together yonder; they are all rich in gold and gems. We perish for bread—they pass through our territory and we are none the better—they are our prey!" We have pledged our word to the great man of our tribe and to annihilate the spolié!

"Peace be upon thee, Great Emir," returned the baron, executing an obeisance the perfection of Bedouin elegance; "I am thy brother. Wouldst thou speak with me?"

His words acted like magic.

The mighty leader threw himself from his steed, and bowed to the ground before him, while his followers, dismounting as he dismounted, as if one set of springs moved the whole band, prostrated themselves in a general prostration.

The secret of the marvel was this; ever on the alert to pick up all items of information which might lessen the peril which environed his solitary wanderings, the baron was pretty well posted in the current events of the desert, and knew lately the secret of two of the rival tribes; that is, Timour-Emad and Timour-Emad, had formed an alliance to annihilate a mutual foe; and not having yet met, he calmly assumed the name of Masudi; whenever he heard the name of Timour-Emad, confident of not being unmasked until he had time to escape out of his hairy trap.

"My brother Masudi," said the emir, breaking silence at last, "yonder came a caravan of camels and camels, with a prince's escort."

"My brother Timour-Emad is a great chief," returned the baron, with a majestic air, "and will despise the spolié that is beneath the notice of Masudi, except to move his compassion and invite his aid."

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"My brother

a young lady who sat quietly listening, bowed, and said:

"I do not even know your name, mademoiselle, and as you have no friends with you, I can not give an introduction, except from the captain; but, waiving ceremony, I know, from the very expression of your face at this moment, that you are the lady we want. Will you take the part of Juliet?"

"I have never taken a part, even in private theatricals," answered the lady, "but if I thought I could sustain the character allotted to me, nothing would give me more pleasure."

She spoke very low, but eagerly, and her cheeks, which had been pale, became rose-red.

"Oh, thank you, sincerely. You will have to study hard, mademoiselle, if we take but two days to get up the play."

"Call me Miss Ovington, if you please," (poor Margaret! still another change of name!) "I know every word of the play, Mr. Kellogg."

"Is it possible?" regarding her with mingled admiration and astonishment, "yet you have never taken the part? You must be a good student of Shakespeare. But I knew you were an enthusiast, the moment I looked at you—days ago."

Their eyes met in a glance which lingered even while it should not, since so many eyes were upon them; but in that instant they became friends, far better acquainted with one another than many whose acquaintance extends over months.

He had noticed the beautiful, melancholy, and solitary girl from the hour of their departure from the docks. Indeed, his curiosity had been excited by her in that hour. No sooner was the ship under full headway than she had come on deck, and leaning on the railing, as he supposed, to shed a few tears at the sight of the retreating shore, had said, instead, in a low voice, to herself, "Thank God! oh, thank God!" and when he had, by stratagem, caught a glimpse of her face, he had seen it illuminated by a rapture of joy.

It was not the strangeness of this, nor the fact of her being unattended, nor that that first feeling of safety settled down into a quiet that was like deep sadness which had so greatly attracted him toward her. It was partly these, and partly that he suspected some romance in her case, and, more than all, her youth and beauty, and a certain expression of controlled excitement and energy, which gave character to her faultless face, which fascinated him. Many a time when he appeared absorbed in his book, he had been looking over the top of it at the lonely girl-passenger. She had been equally fascinated by him. Evidently modest and retiring to the last degree, still his eyes had often met her earnest gaze. He, who had for years been an object of attention wherever he moved, was not surprised at this, though he was certain there was something in her gaze beyond mere curiosity.

He could not make it out—it was a yearning, questioning, eager look, but turned from him so suddenly when his own met it, that he had not time to fathom it.

It did seem to Margaret as if fate had guided her steps into the very path she sought, when she heard, shortly after the ship had passed the Narrows, that there was a theatrical company on board. The strange joy with which she had listened to the splashing of the mighty wheel and the puffing of the laboring engine, every stroke of which sent her further from what she feared and hated, calming down, at length, into a sense of her perilous and lonely position, going, as she was, without friends or protectors, to a strange city, to adopt a dubious calling, had almost crushed her with a weight of apprehension.

But she had suffered too much not to have something of the strength which comes of endurance. And she had far too much at stake to allow of her faltering now. No, she would persevere, and would win success by force of will.

She would be *free*—oh, yes, and happy! In the absorbing duties and delights of the profession she had chosen, she would find happiness. Since she was bound by an iron chain of love, she would at least be famous. Yet, while it would have been a talent for the stage!—this was aetary question, which always left her despondent.

Every day since the voyage began, she had resolved upon making advances to the ladies of the company, confessing to them that she was going abroad to study for the stage, and asking their advice and direction, perhaps offering to pay for instruction and protection. She knew that the leading lady was the wife of the manager, and that, probably, she would be the very person to consult; but timidity, as well as the fear of some crushing disappointment, had held her back, until the scheme of a play on ship-board was proposed, and Mr. Kellogg offered her a leading part.

Was there not fate in it?

It would be strange if Margaret did not think so.

The manager's wife was not bad-hearted, though a little envious at first; as soon as she had conquered this ugly feeling, she gave Margaret all the assistance in her power, and that, in a sisterly way. Juliet's costumes were brought forth from her own trunks, and as much instruction in the technicalities of the stage crowded into the next twelve-four hours as could be comfortably accomplished. Never had teacher been so eager and quick a pupil.

Margaret had discreetly resolved to say nothing of her plans for going on the stage, until she saw how she succeeded in this first attempt, so providentially thrown in her way.

There was much laughter and enjoyment while arranging the details of the performance. It would seem as if they had attempted too much, when the balcony scene was considered with regard to the height of the cabin ceiling, but as no one expected the accompaniments to be perfect, and as the chief desire of the expected audience was to hear the celebrated Kemble Kellogg, all minor matters were charitably ignored.

It was but a *play*, truly, to all the others engaged—to all on board the ship, except the poor couple for whose benefit it was, and for Margaret. To her it was life, hope, all, every thing! Kellogg watched her secretly with wonder, and with a growing belief in her powers; but even he little suspected the fever of excitement which beat in her veins, so that she scarcely ate or slept.

The eventful evening arrived.

"You'll do nicely, dear, for an amateur," said the leading lady, condescendingly, as she helped to attire the trembling girl with a twist of the word "amateur," and, in the profession, Margaret expected to do more than "nicely."

"At all events, her beauty will reconcile the audience to all deficiencies," thought Kellogg.

Such of the second-class passengers as were willing to purchase tickets were invited to attend; so that, considering the space in the cabin reserved for the stage, there was a fearful state of suffocation, and the crowd overflowed the doors, and paid for the privilege of looking in at the windows, and all were merry, and in the best of humors with themselves and the players. Indeed, it seemed as if they enjoyed the discomforts and absurdities of the occasion far more than they would the most elegant surroundings. The weather was calm as summer, mild and pleasant; all things propitious.

There was a passenger on board the ship who had not yet made his appearance in the cabin. But few were aware of such a person being on board—no one but the officers of the ship and the servants who attended upon him. The gentleman appeared to remain ill, despite the fair weather, and the fact that even the worst cases of sea-sickness had convalesced, by this, the eighth day out. Occasionally he had struggled out on deck, wrapped to the eyes, when he would sometimes lean by a window of the cabin, looking in on his fellow-passengers, to none of whom he had yet spoken. His eyes, on such occasions, never failed to rest longest on the pale, fair face of the young lady passenger. The last two nights he stayed longer than usual, watching her as she read from the same book as young Kellogg, or looked into his eyes, while attending to the minute instructions he gave her. On the

evening of the performance, he declined a seat in the cabin, which the captain kindly urged upon him, believing him to be an invalid, saying that the close air would be sure to make him ill; but he bought a dozen tickets for the privilege of a window near the stage. Through that window, for the next two hours, his keen eyes kept constant watch on what transpired.

As the play progressed, the enthusiasm of the audience kindled beyond all expectation. They knew not that she should like Romeo—he was not, the world acknowledged it, and in beholding his power, they only enjoyed what they had anticipated. But this was Juliet; this lovely, trembling, impassioned child of nature and of love, who seemed so very like the Juliet of the Capulets, that even Romeo himself forgot the illusion, and played as he, in truth, were Romeo, and she his love—she took them by surprise, she won them, charmed them, deluded them again and again, so that when some change of scene broke the spell, they drew deep breaths, and began such a roar of applause that it was as if a storm had arisen. Ay, Juliet, for you are those sweet rounds of encouragement! As she realized it, her own enthusiasm deepened; she no more thought of fear or timidity—she became the heroine so really, that, at times, the audience and the world were as if they were swept away—there was nothing existing outside of herself and Romeo, and the actors who played their little parts about them. No grand theater in the world ever saw such tragedy better acted than that was on that night, in the cabin of that ship.

When all was over, Margaret felt as if she had awakened out of a dream of some far Paradise. All about her appeared unfamiliar. She was faint and worn out, now that the great thought which had upheld her no longer supported her. She had been before the theater many times, bowing before a tempest of applause. Now the captain was calling in his deep sea-tones, for the trumpery to be cleared away, that he might finish the grand success of the night with a supper. In the midst of the confusion, Mr. Kellogg came to her and took her cold hands a moment in his own.

"I must add my meed of praise to the others," he said; "the whole world ought to have witnessed your acting, instead of this handful of people, Miss Ovington. And you call yourself an amateur. You were born for the stage!"

"Do you think so? do you truly say so?" she asked, tears beginning to trickle down her face. "Oh, I'm so glad! I must tell you, now, Mr. Kellogg, before my courage forsakes me, that I hoped this was the case. Indeed, I am going to London for the sole purpose of studying for the stage."

"Is this possible? Then let me assure you of certain success. This night has determined it. I am a judge, you will permit me to say. You have *genius*, Miss Ovington, and that, with your spirit and your beauty, includes all. I must speak with you further about this."

"Oh, think you I consider myself very fortunate, in having taken passage with you and Mrs. Matthews? It has not only given me this opportunity of trying my powers, but of asking advice and gaining needed information. I feel that I must secure Mrs. Matthews for a friend."

"Do try to secure me, too," he said, gayly, with one of his brightest smiles; then, after a moment's silence, he whispered:

"I have no right to say it, Miss Ovington. Knowing as little about you as I do, but you will always be Juliet to me, after this night—always. I cannot forget it—it was not acting on my part. And I cannot separate you, now, from the character. Juliet—my Juliet! Don't think this the extravagance of an actor accustomed to light avowals. I speak as Romeo, and yet as myself. Why, Juliet, every word that I said to you there on the balcony..."

"Hush! I am sure you forget yourself, and what is due to me," she whispered, frightened at his earnestness, and fighting down the rising agitation of her own heart. "Do not speak to me again to-night, Mr. Kellogg. To-morrow I will tell you something of my history. If we are to become friends, you ought to know it at once," with a sad smile.

"Friends? I shall not be satisfied."

She pressed her finger on her lips and turned away. Mrs. Matthews was ready to take her under her sisterly wing.

During the feasting and gayety, which was kept up until twelve o'clock, Margaret wore her dress as Juliet, but there was a bright rose on either cheek which showed she had risen from the tomb of the Capulets with new life in her veins.

CHAPTER XV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

The crisis of our life always comes upon us suddenly. If we expected it, prepared for it, perhaps it would not come. The Margaret who lay, late the next morning, in her berth, looking out upon the gliding, cold blue waves which ran past the little round window of her state-room, was not the Margaret of yesterday. A great change had come over the whole world, as far as her part was it concerned. The success of the previous evening, the more than encouraging words of the actors, especially Mr. Kellogg, had given her the assurance that she had rightly interpreted her over-gifts when she made up her mind to go on the stage. Not only did it fill her with delight, but she no longer felt friendless and helpless. Instead of having to seek what she wanted, a stranger in a vast city, at great risk of being imposed upon, overcharged, and discouraged, she would enter London along with powerful friends, who would not only give her the assistance of their advice, but would help her to make her living, by the time my few hundreds of dollars are exhausted!—then, I need not go back to America, and Branham's wife will never know he has deceived her."

"There is but one thing to do now," he added, presently.

"What is that?"

"Return to New York by the next steamer, testify to the fraud practiced upon you by the hour of the marriage, and obtain the annulment of the unhappy contract."

"Are you certain that I should have no difficulty?"

"None at all. Any judge in the land will decide in your favor at once. Claim your estates from that rascally cousin."

"Alas! I never consulted any one but poor ignorant Zellic Griggs. I was so afraid of being kidnapped that I never, for a moment, drew a free breath. Ah, what a life I have led these weary months! drawing a breath, as if resolved, now, at length, to inspire freedom with the sea-breeze."

He looked into her face with gentle compassion, mingled with that sort of scorn which men feel for the ignorance and helplessness of women: she had suffered, he did not doubt that, when, at any time, she could so easily and righteously have shaken off her burden.

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"I shall be so sorry for his innocent wife!" said Margaret, tears beginning to roll down her face, so that she had to turn from the other promenaders to conceal them.

"Is that all that makes you cry?"

"No, no. I was beginning to feel so safe—and happy. I was congratulating myself upon having made a friend like Mrs. Matthews, who would aid me at the beginning of the new career I have chosen. My old terror comes back when I only think of returning to New York. I don't care for the fortune—indeed, I would rather Branham should have it. Don't you think I shall be able to make my living, by the time my few hundreds of dollars are exhausted?—then, I need not go back to America, and Branham's wife will never know he has deceived her."

"A playful and tender smile met her as she looked up.

"Are you quite certain that you shall never wish to marry?"

"I had not thought so far as that," she replied blushing.

"Just like a woman, again."

"But there will be time, if the necessity should ever arise."

"Not the best time is now. Besides, I should think you would joyfully do or suffer any temporary thing to procure a final release from this haunting possibility which has so troubled you."

"Oh, I would! I would walk round the earth, barefoot. But, my hopes have been so raised, since last night, that—it seems—very hard to abandon the prospect—of such assistance."

Still he smiled, more and more brightly. He appeared so perfectly unconcerned, while she felt so disappointed and miserable; she tried to conquer the agitation which increased under his observation. She knew that she ought to be glad at this unexpected prospect of release—a release which would not only relieve her of a horrible dread, but would be greatly to her advantage in her future career, as leaving her free to go wherever the demands of the profession called her, without the restriction of being at that must be all in vain. When the sun rose, the flowers will open; beneath the warmth of Romeo's eyes all the sweetness of her nature unfolded into vivid life. We have said that, long before, her girlish love for Branham had changed into contempt—sometimes, when she thought how wretched he had made her, into hate. Now, as she reviewed her cousin's character, contrasting it with that of Mr. Kellogg, it showed so shallow, so uncultivated, as to arouse her wonder how she could ever, even in the freshest days of inexperienced girlhood, have admired and looked up to him. She need not have wondered at that—neither that she had outgrown him. He was the only gentleman with whom she had ever associated, excepting queer, dear old Uncle Peter; he was handsome, gay and gallant, and it would have been strange if she had not admired and adored him. Now her own nature had deepened and strengthened with trials and knowledge of the world, she knew something of her own intellectual powers, of what she was and would like to be, and a man like Branham could have been no more to her a companion than a wax doll is to the little beauty for tea, who casts it by.

But this actor—a man of dreams and fancies yet a man of the world—a poet, yet a man to all men!—wise, yet at times childlike—her intellectual mate, a man honored by men—why, he was the only man on the face of the earth who was all fancy or soul could picture! To him she had only spoken. His eyes, on such occasions, never failed to rest longest on the pale, fair face of the young lady passenger. The last two nights he stayed longer than usual, watching her as she read from the same book as young Kellogg, or looked into his eyes, while attending to the minute instructions he gave her. On the

evening of the performance, he declined a seat in the cabin, which the captain kindly urged upon him, believing him to be an invalid, saying that the close air would be sure to make him ill; but he bought a dozen tickets for the privilege of a window near the stage. Through that window, for the next two hours, his keen eyes kept constant watch on what transpired.

Before she left her state-room she had resolved to tell Mr. Kellogg every particular of her past life, that there might be no misunderstanding about their relations. If her story made him her friend, that was much—a great gain to her—he and she would both understand there could never be anything more than friendship. This resolve gave her a dignity, which almost made the glowing, audacious delight in the actor's eyes, as they met hers over the breakfast-table. He was accustomed to success in all his undertakings, flattered always, he fully expected to be as happy and prosperous in his love as all else. Many throngs of women in every class of society, who praised and petted him, he had been astonished at himself for allowing his heart and fancy to be taken captive by this quiet, unknown girl.

"Never mind," he had mused, on his part, "after what we saw of her powers last night, I shall have reason to be proud of her. She will be as great in her way as I am in mine. She is a lady, and well educated, and that she is innocent itself, I could swear. She has promised me a history of her life. Very well, I will be discreet myself until after I have heard it."

The tenor of his musings ran thus; but then these musings were overruled by a thousand others, not to be put in words—a jungle of tropical richness, full of birds that would sing and flowers that would burst into beauty, until he had gone to breakfast with his thoughts and feelings in a perfect chaos, over which happiness sung triumphant, and those elegant eyes had flashed their joy into the serious ones of Juliet.

After breakfast they walked together on the hurricane deck for a long time; other couples were promenading also, for the day was delightfully calm and warm for the season. Margaret, reading that, as an untrained woman, she ought to be doubly careful of her conduct, would not have made herself conspicuous by walking alone with him. Surrounded by a dozen others, she still found opportunity to tell him the little story she had promised; he listening to it eagerly, breathing to himself certain stage imprecations, when she came to the marriage. After that he remained absolutely quiet to the end, giving no token of approval or disapproval, as she went on, in faltering accents, with the history of her sad and desperate struggle to avoid the man who had a legal right to her as his wife.

When she came to the end, both paused in their slow walk; she looking up hastily into his face, feeling as if the ocean wind had suddenly grown chilly, and the sun set at noon; for his silence, and the fixedness of his features, as she read them in that hasty glance, condemned her.

"So this execrable cousin of yours is your true Romeo?" was the first remark with which he favored her.

"Was—not that. That is, I, in my seclusion and inexperience, being that I loved him. But he, fortunately, in one sense, put his foot upon the neck of the *leading lady* who, at this moment, was promenading also, for the day was delightfully calm and warm for the season. Margaret, reading that, as an untrained woman, she ought to be doubly careful of her conduct, would not have made herself conspicuous by walking alone with him. Surrounded by a dozen others, she still found opportunity to tell him the little story she had promised; he listening to it eagerly, breathing to himself certain stage imprecations, when she came to the marriage. After that he remained absolutely quiet to the end, giving no token of approval or disapproval, as she went on, in faltering accents, with the history of her sad and desperate struggle to avoid the man who had a legal right to her as his wife.

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"AFTER MANY DAYS."

BY MRS. ADDIE D. ROLLSTON.

Kiss me just once as in the old, old days,
Days that were bright with sunshine and with
flowers,
And mayhap with the thrill of your caress
I can forget the present bitter hours!
We loved each other in the sweet, lost past,
And counted not that coming years would brighten
The glory of the summer's golden bloom,
And leave our path within the gloom of night!

Was it but yesterday that we two walked
The lonely woodland path where wild flowers
grew,
Where daisies, starrin' all the grasses sweet,
Lent all their brightness to the emerald hue?
I see again the misty lights that hung
Like silver stars above the purple hills,
And hear the rustling soft of whispering leaves
And the low, sad moans of distant rills!

I see the scarlet bloom that drooping hung
Like banners o'er the river's winding shore,
Achilles' red, the color of the fierce breeze
That swept the valley and the woodland o'er.
A spicy sweetness came from distant pines,
A golden splendor fell o'er meadows fair,
And silent gladness thrilled the hearts that knew
No shadow from the clouds of grief and care.

Yet bright comes ever after bud and bloom,
And so there came a day to my fond heart
When with rebellious, bitter tears, I saw
Hugh tenderly, the boy that had just depart.
Light and mocking tones the word was spoken,
The tenderest, saddest of all words—“good-by”;
And then I felt that every tie was broken
And that the flower of love must drop and die.

And as I stood that day and mutely listened
To your cold, mocking last “good-by” again,
I wondered if ‘twas love or bitter hatred
That pulsed my heart with such a maddening
pain.

For years of peace came to my troubled life
Have robbed us of life's brightest, sweetest days;
Days when the world smiled on our youth and love
And did not care that we were poor and ways!
Yet I but hold a welcome now for you,
And now a fierce, a maddening, nameless pain
Stirs all my heartstrings into eager wish
To hold you in my empty arms again—
To feel your kisses rain on lip and brow—
To hear you say once more, “I love you, dear.”
I ask no more, yet for the past I pray.
And all its losses shed no bitter tear.
But kiss me once as in the glad, old days,
And bridge with tender words the silence deep
That lies between us, so that in my heart
I may no mocking, haunting memories keep!

Nobody's Boy:
OR
THE STOLEN CHILD.

BY CHARLES MORRIS.

CHAPTER IV.

WHAT WAS "IN THE WIND?"

MINNIE ELLIS had not seen her father since he was five years of age. He had been at one time a prosperous merchant, but had failed in business through pressure of circumstances beyond his control.

He had been greatly depressed by his misfortune, and there was soon added to it a father; his wife suddenly sickened and died.

Mr. Ellis was terribly cast down by this second trouble. He could not endure the scenes which constantly reminded him of former happiness and present misery.

Calamity and then became the goal of men seeking a quick return of fortune, and also of those seeking relief from sorrow in excitement.

To this golden country his steps were turned. But the journey across the plains, which he resolved to take, was not fit for a delicate child of five, and he left his infant daughter behind, in the care of a married sister of his father.

During the interval which had elapsed between that period and the opening of our story he had not deemed it advisable to send for his daughter, though she received frequent affectionate letters from him.

His mining adventures had not prospered. He was no richer to-day than on the day in which he had left Toledo. Besides, the rudeness of the mining-camp rendered it no place for his daughter.

In the mind of the saddened man, striving year after year to win fortune from the rocks, this daughter was growing to be an angel of beauty and love; and he looked forward longingly to the day when the long-sought wealth should come to him, and he could be again united to his child. In some scenes mentioned above, than the little minnie grew.

Minnie's aunt received from him sufficient money for the child's living and school expenses, and treated her with as much kindness as her nature permitted. She was a bustling, energetic housewife, and much of the mind of human kindness had soothed her over the kitchen fire, or had dried up under the strain of the broom-stick and scrubbing brush.

She was kind to Minnie when she had time to be, which was not often; harsh to her when she interfered with her domestic duties, and usually troubled herself little about her.

Severe as Madame Lucien was, Minnie preferred her school life, and the society of her school companions, to her home life.

Her aunt had a son, now a man of twenty-two, who had been a thorn in the flesh to her in her earlier days, but who had now been for some years absent from home.

He was a sleek, specious, well-spoken boy, yet with a grain of innate selfishness and petty tyranny that had given much torment to the sensitive child who was brought up as his companion.

She had not seen him for more than two years, having engaged in some position in the city of New Orleans. What this position was he never rendered very clear by his letters, and there were several hints whispered in Toledo that he was not very creditably engaged.

He had indeed returned home just before the opening of our story. He proved now a well-dressed and well-behaved young man, and seemed by his display of attention to Minnie anxious to remove the bad impression he had left behind him.

The child was in no forlorn disposition, though still willing to accept the advances of her cousin, though she could not avoid a slight feeling of distrust of this new bearing of her old tormentor.

He seemed to have money in his pocket, and showed no disposition to seek new employment.

One morning, several days after her interview with Pete, the child, in an unusual display of affection on the part of her aunt,

“That busy lady had usually dismissed her to school very curiously, but this morning she was kindly herself.

“Be sure, Minnie, and come home as soon as school is out,” she said, “I’m uneasy when you’re not at home from school.”

“But Madame Lucien keeps me in, sometimes,” said Minnie. “She gives me such long tasks, and I cannot learn them.”

“I must really speak to her,” said the aunt. “I feel she’s been wronging you. There, my dear, it is time you were going.”

She stopped and kissed the child, dismissing her with an affectionate touch on the head.

Minnie walked to school in a half-dazed condition. “My dear,” from her aunt! What was going to happen?

And as for a kiss, she could hardly remember ever being kissed by her before.

“That is all too good to last,” she said to herself. “Madame will be doubly sour to make up for aunt’s sweetness. I believe the old thing has a spite against me, anyhow.”

But the old “thing” was marvelously sweet this morning.

“Have you your task ready, Miss Ellis?” she asked in a tone so unlike her ordinary that Minnie was at a loss to understand it.

“I tried hard, madame; indeed I did,” said Minnie, “but, for a kiss, I am afraid I have forgotten some of it.”

“Did you find it so difficult?”

“Yes, madame,” I said all evening,” said the child, in utter surprise at this unusual question.

“Well, well, perhaps I did not consider your powers sufficiently. I saw you observe that you did your best, Minnie, and I may have been over-taking you. I will make your lessons lighter in future.”

“Oh, thank you, madame! You are very kind indeed,” cried Minnie. “I get such headaches, and that I can’t study at all.”

“‘C’mon, Minnie!” said madame, lifting her finger with what seemed a gesture of playful reproach.

“Oh, madame!” exclaimed Minnie, fearing that she had turned the tide of her good fortune. “It is too bad. I try so hard to get that word, and I keep saying it in spite of all.”

“Cannot is more correct English,” said madame, kindly. “It is my aim to make you all polished speakers of your native tongue. I am sure you will not offend again.”

“No, indeed, not if I can help it,” said Minnie, sincerely.

“Miss Brown, it is five minutes past school-time,” said madame, “so you’re to be a new-comer.”

Her tone had a very different strain from that which she had employed to Minnie.

The child passed on into the school more dazed than before. Were the heavens dropping manna into her empty cup?

“The dog’s old-time kindness lasted the day through, and for several successive days.”

Nor did aunt Sarah lose her new-found affection.

She seemed trying to atone for past deficiencies in kindness.

“Minnie, I’m sorry for your sins,” said madame.

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lice just yet, anyhow. Runs in my head that the coon's in Toledo. Hope he ain't put the gal under the sod, or pianed her in the lake. He's devil enough for it. But if he has 'em fur him like pisen fur a sick cat. I'm givin' fur that little gal now, I am!"

There was something dangerous in Pete's expression, as he talked thus to himself. Boy as he was, there was the tinge of a savagery man could not suppress.

The officer who had been instructed by Squire Harvey to keep him in sight, found this no easy matter to do, without raising the shrewd boy's suspicion.

It was able, however, to watch him sufficiently to conclude that his erratic movements were suspicious, and that there might be something in the squire's doubts. Pete had almost given up his regular vocation, and was on the go, all day and half the night, without any definite object.

This was certainly suspicious, as the officer's careful surveillance was redoubled in vigilance.

Meanwhile the excitement in the city was growing in intensity as time passed and no trace of the child was found, and thousands of shrewd men were on the alert to work up the slightest suspicious circumstances.

But, the hours and days were passing, and no discovery had been made, no trace of the lost child found.

This excitement resulted in a public meeting, called by some of the wealthier citizens, to inaugurate still more decided measures, and, if deemed advisable, to increase the reward.

The city was crowded, and a number of eloquent speakers were on the platform, in which the measures which had been taken were fully discussed.

There were, it is true, secret movements of the police authorities of which these eloquent citizens happened to be ignorant.

But, another hour or two open action had yet been successful in the slightest degree.

Some dozen or more persons, accompanied by young children, had been arrested in different places; and in every instance the child had proved to be under the name of a boy, photographs of whom were in the hands of the police.

The set speeches over, the meeting became more chatty.

"The poor little creature's been drowned," cried the mother of a child who had rendered himself prominent by his tippling at the squire's office. "I move that we drag the river; and if that won't do, drag the lake."

"Hadn't we best drag the ocean and be done with it?" asked a sensible person in the audience.

"It's a shame that there has been a radical defect in the mode of offering the reward," said another.

"The gentleman has any suggestions to offer we will be glad to entertain them," remarked the chairman of the meeting.

He puffed a speaking rose in his seat and fronted the chairman.

"The reward is offered for the recovery of the child and not for her kidnapping," said the squire. "I think it is an error. He will certainly take good care that he is not found or the child either. But if the reward was offered for the child alone, the child stealer himself might be induced to return her, for the sake of the money. Or some party not willing to betray him might be tempted to return the child."

"I think that a very good idea," said another member of the meeting, "except that it would remove the element of her kidnapping."

"I fancy our friend does not desire such a consummation as that. My view is that a double reward should be offered, a fixed amount for the child, and an equal sum for her stealer."

"The gentleman speaks well, another," as if the squire was the only argument to the other.

"So far as I am concerned, I would be sorry to admit that it is any inducement at all. I have a family. I have children whom I love. That's a fact."

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LINGER NEAR ME, DARLING.

BY ETHEL E. RExford,
Author of "Silver Threads Among the Gold."

Linger near me, little treasure;
When I have you by my side,
I forget all care and trouble,
And that ill may befide.

Then the love I have is near,
In the sunshine of whose presence
All the shadows disappear.

Linger near me, little treasure;
Let me look into your eyes,
Where the sweet violet blossom
Underneath the summer skies.

Put your hand in mine, my darling,
And let me hear your words I speak,
Never any rose was fairer
Than the roses on your cheek.

Linger near me, little treasure;
While the days are going by,
Meet me with a kiss at nightfall,
And the love-light in your eye.

Oh, my darling, life without you
Would a dreary journey be;
Let me keep you always near me,
For you're all the world to me.

SURE-SHOT SETH,

The Boy Rifleman;

THE YOUNG PATRIOTS OF THE NORTH.

BY OLL COOMES,

AUTHOR OF "IDAHO TOM," "RED ROB," "DOKOTA DAN," "OLD DAN RACKBACK," ETC.

CHAPTER X.

HUNTED AND HAUNTED.

The shouts that followed the announcement of the result of the shooting-match were deafening;

and the young Ring-Eyed-Eagle-of-Sky-Puncher-Peak became the recipient of a hundred congratulations. Tom Grayson was the first to grasp the young stranger's hand, for since he had failed to win the prize, it afforded him supreme pleasure to know that Ivan Le Clercq had been defeated.

The boy stood off at one side among his little party of friends, scowling with chagrin, and burning with anger at his defeat.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, in a whisper to his four companions, "if I can get old Podson to extend the time, I'll run up and release Sure Shot Seth, and let him come down and beat that young braggart. Tom Grayson is tickled half to death 'cause I got beat, and I'd give an eye just to see him look down his nose, and that daubed-faced fool beaten."

"Here, you star," the voice of Squire Podson suddenly broke in, as he handed The Eagle of the North and accoutrements belonging to it; "here's the prize—take it, for you have won it fair and honestly; whoever you may be. If the reward was offered for the child alone, the child stealer himself might be induced to return her, for the sake of the money. Or some party not willing to betray him might be tempted to return the child."

"The reward is offered for the recovery of the child and not for her kidnapping," said the squire.

"I think it is an error. He will certainly take good care that he is not found or the child either. But if the reward was offered for the child alone, the child stealer himself might be induced to return her, for the sake of the money. Or some party not willing to betray him might be tempted to return the child."

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"Yes; without any trouble, Maggie, thanks to you and Miss Millbank. This is the gun, and with it I slew Emma's captor, then ran into the woods in hopes of saving you, but was too late."

"I wonder what Ivan thinks of his treatment of you by this time?" she asked.

"I presume he thinks the Indians found me and slew me; and I desire that he knows no different until he has suffered in conscience, if he has any conscience at all, sufficient to make a better boy of him."

"He is a bad boy, and I am afraid nothing will reform him," said Maggie. "Then you haven't seen anything of them since yesterday?"

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Sorac had he spoken the last word when a bullet whistled past his ears and flattened against the rock behind him. Glancing along the east shore he saw a cloud of smoke hanging upon the edge of the woods, nearly two hundred yards away. The distance, and the close proximity of the shot to his head, caused him to marvel; for he knew that, as a general thing, there were no such shots among the savages.

For fear that another shot might be more successful, he withdrew with Maggie to the interior of the island, and they concealed themselves in a sort of a cave or a pocket in the rocky cliff. Here they would have to wait until darkness came to their relief; and the moments that the young people passed there in each other's society were moments of supreme joy, to which the surrounding danger and their situation gave an air of wild romance.

Sure Shot Seth became deeply interested in Maggie, and that interest gradually deepened beyond mere friendship. From the moment he had met the maiden in the forest where Ivan and his friends had bound him, her bright, blue eyes and radiant, girlish face, threw the enchantment of love around his boyish heart. It was his first love, and, scarcely conscious of the power that had come over the spirit of his usually free and light heart, he had been led on to risk danger and hardships in search of her—to gratify that strong longing which, he finally admitted to himself, was the longing of love.

On the other hand, Maggie had conceived an admiration for Seth that was fast developing into reciprocal love, and Seth was not slow in noticing her confidence and trust in him. But, both were young and unsophisticated in the workings and changes to which the human heart is susceptible; and so permitted no doubt, no fear, to cross the untruffled tranquillity and pleasure of love's young dream.

As the moments were away into minutes, and the minutes into hours, the attention of the young people was suddenly drawn to the form of an Indian standing on the southern shore of the lakelet. He was over three hundred yards away, else Seth would have been tempted to try his new rife upon him.

From appearances, he was a young war-chief, decorated in all the paraphernalia of barbaric finery. His scarlet blanket flashed brightly in the sun, and contrasted handsomely with the spotted jaguar skin that girded his loins. His movements were somewhat awkward and stiff, as though unaccustomed to the dignity required of one of his position.

"There seems to be more of the white man than the red-skin about that fellow yonder," said Seth, "and if I mistake not, he is a white man."

"I am sure the announcement gives me no more hope than ever," answered Maggie, "for I could rather be the prisoner of a red Indian than a white one."

"Yes, ten times, Maggie," answered Seth, "but I don't propose that you shall be either; if I can help it."

They watched the chief until he had left the beach, then entered into a discussion of the events of the day. And thus the day wore away without any further demonstration on the part of the enemy; but about sunset a sharp and vigorous firing was heard in the woods east of the lake, and that a battle was going on, Seth had not a single doubt.

Night finally closed in and put an end to the firing; and now Sure Shot Seth became restless and uneasy. He knew the enemy would avail themselves of the cover of darkness to regain the island and their fair captive, and, as they were likely to come in force, it would be impossible for him to repel them. He had been unable to do any thing toward the construction of a raft during the day, and now the darkness made it almost impossible. His only hope lay in Maggie's friends coming to their relief before the Indians got there.

The moon would not be up before ten o'clock, and the gloom was rendered more intense by the gray mist that hung over the lake.

Seth silently paced the shore in eager anticipation of the approach of friends, ever and anon halting to listen for some sound. But a deep silence reigned. Not a breath of air was stirring—not a ripple chafed the island.

With his shawl drawn hood-like over her head, Maggie, tired and hungry, sat under a ledge within the sound of her young protector's footsteps.

Suddenly the discharge of firearms burst upon the night, heavy, sullen, and stumping; and was followed by yells and groans that fairly chilled the blood in the veins of Seth and Maggie.

The latter sprang from her seat, and, running to Sure Shot's side, grasped him by the arm and exclaimed:

"What did that mean, Seth?"

"I am afraid that the friends we have been waiting for, and the Indians we have expected, have run together on the water," answered Seth; "from the sound, however, I think our friends were the ones that fired."

Silence succeeded the murderous discharge of weapons. Not a sound could be heard, and what the result of the collision had been, Seth could not tell. But in the course of a few minutes the sound of waves breaking upon the island became distinctly audible. As there was no air stirring, our friends knew a boat must be approaching.

In a breathless silence they waited and listened. Soon the faint dip of a paddle was heard, Seth strained his eyes into the gloom, and was soon enabled to make out the dimmest outlines of a long boat creeping toward them across the lake.

The silence observed was sufficient evidence of itself, that the craft contained enemies; and making this fact known to Maggie in a whisper, the two stepped back under the shadow of a shelving rock, and waited the approach of the craft, Seth with his revolver in hand.

The danger that threatened the young folks seemed to strengthen their eyesight, or else, at this juncture, it became somewhat lighter, for they were now enabled to make out the dark length of a long "dugout," with three persons seated in it, quite distinctly.

The prow of the craft soon touched the island when the occupants landed, and having drawn the boat partly upon the beach, turned and moved cautiously away across the island. They passed within a few paces of Seth and Maggie; and no sooner were they out of sight than Seth whispered:

"Now's our time, Maggie. Let us jump into the boat and flee."

Maggie made no dissent, but, taking hold of Seth's arm, permitted herself to be led to the boat. Stepping into the craft, Seth assisted the maiden in and to a seat. But the instant she

sat down she uttered a little cry of terror, for her seat moved under her—a savage, who lay curled up in the craft evidently for that very purpose, sprung to his feet and uttered a yell. But it was his last. Scarcely had the sound died upon his lips ere Seth's revolver flashed in his hand, and he fell overboard into the lake, his limbs beating the water in his last agonies.

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As the youth fell, he fired his revolver and killed one of the remaining warriors; but before he could regain his feet the other had grappled, and together they fought in deadly embrace upon the beach.

"Oh, dear! dear!" cried the maiden, as her mind reverted to the horrors through which she had so recently passed: "I hope I will not have to pass through another such night of peril; but then if an Indian war has begun, we may all be slain."

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A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

BY JOE JOT, JR.

Another Christmas day is born
Upon the earth, let all be glad.
How fair the time, how sweet the morn
(I fear I'll carve this turkey, *hah!*)
Let songs of gladness (Mercy, True,
Did that wing fly into your lap?)
On this bright morn be sung anew.
(That tort, it was a sad mushap!)

The world is white, from sky and snow.
The Christmas sky is clear, clear,
(Carving with me is mighty slow)
And happy hearts are full of cheer.
They seem to rise on gladsome wing
Above all care to-day. (How fast
A turkey's joints together cling!)
And reverence turns toward the past.

Day hallowed by long centuries.
A day of love and care, the white?
What hopes make bright its hovering skies
(There goes the dressing, what a pight!)
Gay cheeks warm up with tender blood,
(Miss, Kate, what part do you prefer?)
And eyes shine out in mazy mood.
(That hungry child, then look at her!)

Let love and care be sweet
Rule all this day of perfect joy,
(I'll box your ears if you don't care
In better taste, now mind, my boy.)
Peace and good will this day shall reign
(Lord, wife, what makes this tea so hot?)
A happy pair, a blessed twain.
(That boy who chose himself to that spot!)

Let gladness close the dearest day
In all the calendar of life.
(Please pass the pepper-sauce this way.)
And put an end to every strife
That mars the earth. (Yes, forks were made
Long after hands) and let the sheath
On wavy blades hide the blade-blade
(That boy who chose himself to death!)

He was in Admiral Botham's fleet in its action with the French fleet, March 15, 1795, and was made commander (1796) from sheer brilliancy of his exploits. With the Minerva frigate he captured the La Sabine, but had to abandon his prize as the Spanish fleet bore down on him. He ran for the fleet of Sir John Jarvis, of Cape St. Vincent, (Portugal) closely pursued by the enemy's whole sail, and shifting his flag to the larger and finer ship Captain, of seventy-four guns, he participated in the memorable fierce and sanguinary combat of fleets that ensued, (February 13, 1797). He was engaged in with the iron-of-war San Nicolas. Trinidada, of one hundred and thirty-six guns, and carried her by boarding. Then he dashed in, and, by boarding, carried the San Nicolas, of eighty guns; and, turning upon the St. Joseph, of one hundred and twelve guns, took her by a close quarter engagement, cutting her almost to pieces.

For this wonderful performance—so like the work of our own John Paul Jones—he was made knight of the Bath, rear admiral of the blue, and given command of the in-shore squadron blockading Cadiz. He tried to carry that town by bombardment, but the forts were too strong for him, though the attack was one of fierce determination. From Cadiz he ran out to the Canaries and tried to capture the town of Santa Cruz, in Tenerife, but was repulsed, in a very severe conflict with the forts and troops. In attempting to carry the town by assault, the admiral was struck in the right arm by a cannon-shot, and was saved by his son-in-law, Captain Nesbit, who bore the wounded man on his back to the boat. This shattered arm was amputated, and Nelson returned home to recover. A pension of one thousand pounds per year was the reward of his memorial to Parliament; he specifies that he had been in fleet action four times, in three of which he had been cut off, cut loose, and participated in the taking of four towns; had served in the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; had helped to take seven sail of ships, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; had captured fifty merchant vessels; had been in action one hundred and twenty times; had lost a right arm and right eye, but still received other severe wounds. What a record for a man of forty years; and yet it was only a prelude to the more momentous and important service to come.

In 1798 he sailed with Earl St. Vincent, (Jarvis) who dispatched him to watch the progress and prevent the escape of Buonaparte's expedition fitting out at Toulon. He had been in the popular applause and command the government's confidence in his prowess. Wellington, indeed, was not Wellington when Nelson's star was in the ascendant. Arthur Wellesley was a colonel in the India service when the magnificent victory of the Nile (1798) covered Nelson with glory, and when Nelson's life went out in the terrible but glorious combat at Trafalgar (Oct., 1805) Wellington was still but Sir Arthur, having but returned from India, early in that year, to seek and fame supplementing that of Nelson, and to have British dominancy in the work of destroying Napoleon.

Nelson, called by some writers the greatest British admiral, came of a peaceful strain of lineage and blood. He was the fourth son of the rector of Burnham-Thorpe, in Norfolk, and was born Sept. 29th, 1758. His education was but fairly commenced in the school at North Walsham, when, at twelve years of age, he was sent to sea along with his maternal uncle, Captain Suckling, of the Raisonnable man-of-war. Being the fourth boy there was nothing for him but to carve out his own destiny—his only "setting out"—a government appointment as midshipman.

The midshipman soon going out on commission, the young "middy" was sent, but at once started in a sea career he made a trip to the West Indies—during which, as an "apprentice," he saw sailor life as it was, in the transport service, and returned to England, we are told by Southey, "a good, practical seaman, but with a hatred of the king's service, and a saying that common among the sailors—'aft the most honor, forward the better man.'

To cure this hatred—which, considering the boy's fearless and earnest nature, we presume was outspoken, much to his uncle's disgust—Captain Suckling again took Horatio in hand, and a cruise in the Triumph followed. And here it may be said, when he learned in that West India port of the heroism of his uncle and among the under officers, and the insolence and inefficiency of the ward-room and cabin, never left him, and during his after-life he was noted for his affection to his men, and for his consideration for those, no matter what their position, who were thorough in duty. This recognition of merit so endeared him to his men that their devotion to his orders was one secret of his remarkable achievements.

The young midshipman "tried his hand," as so many eminent British officers have done, in the search of the North-west Passage—going on the expedition of Captain Phipps, on Captain Lutwidge's vessel. We are told that, in all the voyage—which was one of exceeding adventure and peril—he behaved with "skill, courage and promptitude" that won the admiration of officers and men. Though but a lad in years, he then gave promise of his future greatness.

After a voyage to the East Indies, in the Albermarle; and also held command of the Boreas. In this service was also the Duke of Clarence, afterward William IV. He was a "middy" in the fleet, and thus described Nelson, as he then (1783) appeared:

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On the 13th of June he opened his eyes at Toulon, he entered upon a career of marvelous activity. He seemed possessed of a demon of unrest, and yet it was not that, at all—only his desire to add glory to the British arms. At the siege of Bastia (Corsica) he carried his men ashore and directed them in the batteries, after engaging and capturing the ship Ca-Ira in a brilliant fight. And again at the celebrated siege of Calvi (Corsica) he was all through its fifty-one days of fight, and paid the penalty of glory by the loss of an eye—which took from his face one of his distinguishing marks of high intelligence and spirit. But this loss did not draw him from the deck. His ship became a kind of flying terror to the French blockade, and was used for him to fight whenever an enemy was to be struck.

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For this wonderful performance—so like the work of our own John Paul Jones—he was made knight of the Bath, rear admiral of the blue, and given command of the in-shore squadron blockading Cadiz. He tried to carry that town by bombardment, but the forts were too strong for him, though the attack was one of fierce determination. From Cadiz he ran out to the Canaries and tried to capture the town of Santa Cruz, in Tenerife, but was repulsed, in a very severe conflict with the forts and troops. In attempting to carry the town by assault, the admiral was struck in the right arm by a cannon-shot, and was saved by his son-in-law, Captain Nesbit, who bore the wounded man on his back to the boat. This shattered arm was amputated, and Nelson returned home to recover. A pension of one thousand pounds per year was the reward of his memorial to Parliament; he specifies that he had been in fleet action four times, in three of which he had been cut off, cut loose, and participated in the taking of four towns; had served in the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; had helped to take seven sail of ships, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers; had captured fifty merchant vessels; had been in action one hundred and twenty times; had lost a right arm and right eye, but still received other severe wounds. What a record for a man of forty years; and yet it was only a prelude to the more momentous and important service to come.

In 1798 he sailed with Earl St. Vincent, (Jarvis) who dispatched him to watch the progress and prevent the escape of Buonaparte's expedition fitting out at Toulon. He had been in the popular applause and command the government's confidence in his prowess. Wellington, indeed, was not Wellington when Nelson's star was in the ascendant. Arthur Wellesley was a colonel in the India service when the magnificent victory of the Nile (1798) covered Nelson with glory, and when Nelson's life went out in the terrible but glorious combat at Trafalgar (Oct., 1805) Wellington was still but Sir Arthur, having but returned from India, early in that year, to seek and fame supplementing that of Nelson, and to have British dominancy in the work of destroying Napoleon.

Nelson, called by some writers the greatest British admiral, came of a peaceful strain of lineage and blood. He was the fourth son of the rector of Burnham-Thorpe, in Norfolk, and was born Sept. 29th, 1758. His education was but fairly commenced in the school at North Walsham, when, at twelve years of age, he was sent to sea along with his maternal uncle, Captain Suckling, of the Raisonnable man-of-war. Being the fourth boy there was nothing for him but to carve out his own destiny—his only "setting out"—a government appointment as midshipman.

The midshipman soon going out on commission, the young "middy" was sent, but at once started in a sea career he made a trip to the West Indies—during which, as an "apprentice," he saw sailor life as it was, in the transport service, and returned to England, we are told by Southey, "a good, practical seaman, but with a hatred of the king's service, and a saying that common among the sailors—'aft the most honor, forward the better man.'

To cure this hatred—which, considering the boy's fearless and earnest nature, we presume was outspoken, much to his uncle's disgust—Captain Suckling again took Horatio in hand, and a cruise in the Triumph followed. And here it may be said, when he learned in that West India port of the heroism of his uncle and among the under officers, and the insolence and inefficiency of the ward-room and cabin, never left him, and during his after-life he was noted for his affection to his men, and for his consideration for those, no matter what their position, who were thorough in duty. This recognition of merit so endeared him to his men that their devotion to his orders was one secret of his remarkable achievements.

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